

School of Theology at Claremont



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# THE LIFE AND THE WAY













VIRGIN AND CHILD

*From the Painting by*

*MURILLO.*



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# THE LIFE AND THE WAY

THE STORY OF CHRIST COMPILED  
FROM THE POETS BY H. B. ELLIOTT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN OXENHAM

NEW YORK

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## INTRODUCTION

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### INTRODUCTION

THERE is only one thing that can save the world from the chaos into which it seems falling.

And that is the Power of God.

Statesmen and diplomatists may wrestle to the end of time with the problems which overwhelm them.

All their efforts—marred and thwarted as they always are by fears, greed, lack of honour, and all the other disintegrating passions of humanity—result only in futile patchings of the broken world. And always will so result until there come, in some way or other, a fundamental change at the heart of things, that is in the hearts of men all the world over.

That change can come only in one way. There is—we all feel it, we all know it—no hope for humanity save in a return—and a prompt return—to God's Way, as shown to man in the life and teaching of Jesus Christ.

That Way is a very Simple Way, but it is a very High Way, and in these days it is not an easy way to tread. It is no smooth road



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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

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on which Life's wheels run easily and at speed. It is strewn with the fragments of old-time things like Right and Truth and Love, and these to-day are obstacles to many. But if the whole world would make the Great Adventure and walk in it—what a world it would be!

Can you imagine what life would be like if, from to-day, every man throughout the world set himself to treat his fellows exactly as he would wish to be treated by them?—to be in all his dealings strictly honest, just, and true, —to be thoughtful and considerate,—to love God, and his neighbour as himself,—to think as God thinks, that is as Christ would think if He were here among us again facing all our problems.

The world would be transformed. God's will would be begun on earth. Christ's Kingdom would have come.

Anything, therefore, that helps in any way to bring back to our hearts ■ consideration and understanding of the Life that walked that Way is of value and makes for good. And this volume, containing the considered thought of many who have pondered and studied that Life, is such.

No man writes on that highest of all subjects

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## INTRODUCTION

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unless he has been greatly moved thereto, and to it therefore he gives his best. May this book, full of such best thoughts by men and women who have glimpsed the Wonders of The Life and The Way be of service to their fellows.

Life is so short, Eternity is so long.

JOHN OXENHAM.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

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## *THE LIFE AND THE WAY*

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### THE CHRIST

The good intent of God became the Christ,  
And lived on earth—the Living Love of God,  
That men might draw to closer touch with  
    heaven,  
Since Christ in all the ways of man hath trod.

JOHN OXENHAM.



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*THE LIFE AND THE WAY*

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I. THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY



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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

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FEAR NOT MARY: FOR THOU HAST FOUND  
FAVOUR WITH GOD

“ Hail Mary ! ” Gabriel whispered as he dropt—  
A shining herald of the Holy Three.

“ Hail Mary ! ” and the dying world half-stopt  
His sick, sin-laden breath  
In nestling Nazareth ;  
And singing cherubim looked down to see.

“ Hail Mary ! ” See, the trembling of the air ;  
The Presence moves about her soft as fire ;  
For righteousness and peace have kissed there  
And suddenly the Shrine  
Is bright with light Divine,  
The Hope of Israel and the world's Desire.

He whom we sought came suddenly, and found  
His Temple clean from every spot of sin ;  
And all the world seems consecrated ground ;  
Her prayers, like incense, rise ;  
And see, her very eyes  
Shine like twin tapers as the Lord comes in.



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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

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Where the four mystic Eden-rivers rise  
The Angel guard, that stands above the vale  
And keeps the gate of sunlit Paradise,  
Let fall his sword of flame  
And cried upon thy name,  
“Hail Mary!” and the garden answered “Hail!”

Shouted the sons of God; the morning stars  
Sang once again, as when the Lord began  
To build the hills with battlements and bars.

Ah, what a cry there fell!—

“JESUS, EMMANUEL,”

The Lord of Angels and the Son of Man!

“Hail Mary!” For the world remembers yet  
The Maiden Mother and the Holy Son;  
Remembers! How can any child forget  
The hope of Heaven and thee—  
Such stainless purity—

Sin conquered, and the reign of peace begun?

Remembers! Yea, if I remember not  
The joys of Nazareth and Bethlehem  
Yet can thy dolours never be forgot,  
Thy thorn-crowned Son and thee  
Set high on Calvary,  
The whole world mourns for—and remembers  
them.

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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

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“Hail Mary!” When the ungenerous sons  
of men

Grieve at thy glory, strip thee of thy praise,  
The beasts and birds take up the song again  
With carol shrill and high  
Of Maying melody

“Hail Mary, Mary Maiden, full of grace!”

O Mother, take this verse and pray for me,  
Now and at my last hour, lest that the cost  
Of my redemption, and thy charity,  
Be wasted on thy child,  
O Mary undefiled,  
Lest grace be vanquished and a sinner lost!

*In the Month of May.*

R. H. BENSON.

BEHOLD A VIRGIN SHALL BE WITH CHILD

Like the dawning of the morning  
On the mountain's golden heights  
Like the breaking of the moonbeams  
On the gloom of cloudy nights,

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*THE LIFE AND THE WAY*

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Like a secret told by angels,  
Getting known upon the earth,  
Is the Mother's Expectation  
Of Messias' speedy birth.

Thou wert happy, blessed Mother !  
With the very bliss of Heaven,  
Since the Angels salutation  
In thy raptured ear was given ;  
Since the Ave of that midnight  
When thou wert anointed Queen,  
Like a river overflowing  
Hath the grace within thee been.

On the mountains of Judea,  
Like the chariot of the Lord,  
Thou wert lifted in thy spirit  
By the uncreated Word ;  
Gifts and graces flowed upon thee  
In a sweet celestial strife,  
And the growing of thy Burden  
Was the lightening of thy life.

And what wonders have been in thee  
All the day and all the night,  
While the angels fell before thee,  
To adore the Light of Light,

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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

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While the glory of the Father  
Hath been in thee as a home,  
And the sceptre of Creation  
Hath been wielded in thy womb.

And the sweet strain of the Psalmist  
Were a joy beyond control,  
And the visions of the prophets  
Burnt like transports in thy soul ;  
But the Burden that was growing,  
And was felt so tenderly,  
It was Heaven, it was Heaven,  
Come before its time to thee.

Oh ! the feeling of thy Burden,  
It was touch and taste and sight ;  
It was newer still and newer,  
All those nine months, day and night  
Like a treasure unexhausted,  
Like a vision unconfessed,  
Like a rapture unforgotten,  
It lay ever at thy breast.

Every moment did that Burden  
Press upon thee with new grace ;  
Happy Mother ! thou art longing  
To behold the Saviour's face.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Oh ! His human face and features  
Must be passing sweet to see ;  
Thou hast seen them, happy Mother !  
Ah ! then show them now to me.

Thou hast waited Child of David !  
And thy waiting now is o'er ;  
Thou hast seen Him, Blessed Mother !  
And wilt see Him evermore :  
Oh ! His human face and features  
They were passing sweet to see ;  
Thou beholdest them this moment ;  
Mother ! show them now to me.

*Our Lady's Expectation.*

FATHER FABER.

### SHE SHALL BRING FORTH A SON

Over the apple-trees with their red load  
In world's-end orchards, over dark yew woods,  
O'er fires of sunset glassed in wizard streams,  
O'er mill and meadow of those farthest lands,  
Over the reapers, over the sere sails  
Of homing ships and every breaking wave,  
Over the haven and the entranced town,



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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

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O'er hearths aflame with fir-trunks and fir-cones  
Over the children playing in the streets,  
Over the harpers harping on the bridge,  
O'er lovers in their dream and their desire,  
There falls from the high heaven a subtle sense  
Of presage and a deep, expectant hush,  
And the wise watchers know the time draws on  
And that amid the snows of that same year  
The earth will bear her longed-for perfect  
Fruit.

*The Expectation.*

R. L. GALES.

ALL WENT TO BE TAXED, EVERY ONE TO  
HIS OWN CITY

There went a merry company  
On the road to Bethlehem,  
Going all to taxèd be  
By the governour's decree  
On the road to Bethlehem—  
Would I had been there to see.  
*Would I had been there to see*  
*On the road to Bethlehem ;*  
*Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Coldly blew the wind and snow  
On the road to Bethlehem.  
Two there were that walkèd slow,  
All that day so long ago,  
On the road to Bethlehem ;  
Would I had been there also.  
*Would I had been there to see*  
*On the road to Bethlehem ;*  
*Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

One, a maid of high degree,  
On the road to Bethlehem,  
Walking, walking wearily ;—  
“ Joseph—Joseph, wait for me  
On the road to Bethlehem ! ”  
Would I had been there to see,  
*Would I had been there to see*  
*On the road to Bethlehem ;*  
*Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

Thus they came the town within,  
To the town of Bethlehem ;  
Sought they straight the public inn,  
So they might a shelter win  
In the town of Bethlehem,  
See them tirling at the pin.

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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

*Would I had been there to see  
On the road to Bethlehem ;  
Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

“ Get you gone—the night is late  
In the town of Bethlehem.  
Hear them chapping at the gate,  
Richer folk both small and great,  
In the town of Bethlehem—  
When they knock the poor must wait.”  
*Would I had been there to see  
On the road to Bethlehem ;  
Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

Sought they straight the stable door  
In the town of Bethlehem,  
Mary dropped upon the floor ;  
Wearied was she—wearied sore  
In the town of Bethlehem.  
“ Joseph, dear—I can do no more.”  
*Would I had been there to see  
On the road to Bethlehem ;  
Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

“ Cheer thee, cheer thee, Mary Maid,”  
In the town of Bethlehem—

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

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“ See the straw is smoothly laid.”  
Poor folks’ wages, poorly paid,  
In the town of Bethlehem !  
Would I had been there to aid.  
*Would I had been there to see*  
*On the road to Bethlehem ;*  
*Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

What ■ lodging cold and bare  
In the town of Bethlehem,  
Bring me wrappings fine and fair,  
Silk and satin rich and rare,  
In the town of Bethlehem—  
Lay our Lady softly there !  
*Would I had been there to see*  
*On the road to Bethlehem ;*  
*Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

Nay, no silk or satin bright  
In the town of Bethlehem !  
Think ye on this wondrous sight  
Soon to see : The Lord of Light  
In the town of Bethlehem  
Comes in lowliness to-night.  
*Would I had been there to see*  
*On the road to Bethlehem ;*  
*Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

Ox and ass with patient pace  
In the town of Bethlehem,  
Mark the Maiden full of grace  
Lying in the manger-place  
In the town of Bethlehem,  
Lying in such sorry case.  
*Would I had been there to see  
On the road to Bethlehem ;  
Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

Ere the night had passed to morn,  
In the town of Bethlehem,  
Rose the Sun on us forlorn ;  
In the manger old and worn,  
In the town of Bethlehem,  
Jesus Christ our Lord was born.  
*Would I had been there to see  
On the road to Bethlehem ;  
Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

Eastern Kings are on their way  
To the town of Bethlehem ;  
Shepherds run ere break of day  
At His feet their vows to pay  
In the town of Bethlehem,  
Where a God Incarnate lay.



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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

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*Would I had been there to see  
On the road to Bethlehem ;  
Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

Christian souls with one accord  
Come to Holy Bethlehem ;  
Meet Him at His Holy Board ;  
Praise the Saviour, praise the Lord  
In the town of Bethlehem,  
Who on us His glory poured !  
*Would I had been there to see  
On the road to Bethlehem ;  
Mary, Joseph, pray for me !*

*A Christmas Carol.*

R. H. BENSON.

SHE BROUGHT FORTH HER FIRST-BORN SON  
... AND LAID HIM IN A MANGER

On Christmas Day The Child was born,  
On Christmas Day in the morning,—  
*To tread the long way, lone and lorn,  
To wear the bitter crown of thorn,  
To break the heart by man's sins torn,  
To die at last the Death of Scorn.*

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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

For this The Child of The Maid was born,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

But that first day when He was born,  
Among the cattle and the corn,  
The sweet Maid-Mother wondering  
And sweetly, deeply, pondering  
The words that in her heart did ring,  
Unto her new-born king did sing,—

“ My baby, my baby,  
My own little son,  
Whence come you,  
Where go you,  
My own little one?  
Whence come you?  
Ah now, unto me all alone  
That wonder of wonders is properly known.  
Where go you?  
Ah, that now, 'tis only He knows,  
Who sweetly on us, dear, such favour bestows.  
In us, dear, this day is some great work begun,—  
Ah me, little son dear, I would it were done!  
I wonder. . . . I wonder. . . .  
And—wish—it—were—done!  
O little, little feet, dears,

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

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So curly, curly sweet !—  
How will it be with you, dears,  
When all your work's complete ?  
O little, little hands, dears,  
That creep about my breast !—  
What great things you will do, dears,  
Before you lie at rest !  
O softest little head, dear,  
It shall have a crown of gold,  
For it shall have great honour  
Before the world grows old !  
O sweet, white, soft round body,  
It shall sit upon a throne !  
My little one, my little one,  
Thou art the Highest's son !  
All this the angel told me,  
And so I'm sure it's true.  
For he told me who was coming,—  
And that sweet thing is You."

On Christmas Day The Child was born,  
On Christmas Day in the morning ;—  
*He trod the long way, lone and lorn,*  
*He wore the bitter crown of thorn,*  
*His hands and feet and heart were torn,*  
*He died at last the Death of Scorn.*

---

## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

But through His coming Death was slain,  
That you and I might live again.

For this The Child of The Maid was born,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

*The Child of the Maid.*

JOHN OXENHAM.

### THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER

“ What sawest thou, Orion, thou hunter of the  
star-lands,  
On that night star-sown and azure when thou  
cam’st in splendour sweeping,  
And amid thy starry brethren from the near  
lands and the far lands  
All the night above a stable on the earth thy  
watch wert keeping ? ”

“ O, I saw the stable surely, and the young child  
and the Mother,  
And the placid beasts still gazing with their  
mild eyes full of loving.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

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And I saw the trembling radiance of the Star,  
my lordliest brother,  
Light the earth and all the heavens as he kept  
his guard unmoving.

“ There were kings that came from Eastward  
with their ivory, spice, and sandal,  
With gold fillets in their dark hair, and gold  
broidered robes and stately ;  
And the shepherds, gazing starward, over  
yonder hill did wend all,  
And the silly sheep went meekly, and the wise  
dog marvelled greatly.

“ O, we knew, we stars, the stable held our King,  
His glory shaded,  
That His baby hands were poising all the spheres  
and constellations,  
Berenice shook her hair down, like a shower  
of stardust braided,  
And Arcturus, pale as silver, bent his brows in  
adoration.

“ The stars sang all together, sang their love-  
songs with the angels,  
With the Cherubim and Seraphim their shrilly  
trumpets blended.



---

## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

They have never sung together since that night  
of great evangels,  
And the young Child in the manger, and the  
time of bondage ended."

*Singing Stars.*

KATHARINE TYNAN.

LET US NOW GO EVEN UNTO BETHLEHEM

Pilgrims from the sunrise speeding,  
Star-rays shining in your eyes,  
Whither go ye? Who is leading?  
Why so watchful of the skies?

"Subject King of Kings more royal,  
Star-led haste we to His throne,  
There to bow in homage loyal:  
Him we seek and Him alone."

Come ye pilgrims tell the story  
How you found the Throne and King,  
Why your eyes are lit with glory,  
Why with joy your voices ring?

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

“ God has made Himself man’s Brother,  
Earth by Heaven is caressed  
God, our King, loves human mother,  
And His Throne that Mother’s breast.”

*The Quest of the Magi.*

PHILIP GRATY.

WE ARE COME TO WORSHIP HIM

How far is it to Bethlehem?  
Not very far.  
Shall we find the stable-room  
Lit by a star?

Can we see the little child,  
Is He within?  
If we lift the wooden latch  
May we go in?

May we stroke the creatures there,  
Ox, ass, or sheep?  
May we peep like them and see  
Jesus asleep?

---

## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

If we touch His tiny hand  
Will He awake?  
Will He know we've come so far  
Just for His sake?

Great kings have precious gifts,  
And we have naught :  
Little smiles and little tears  
Are all we brought.

For all weary children  
Mary must weep.  
Here, on His bed of straw  
Sleep, children, sleep.

God, in His Mother's arms,  
Babes in the byre,  
Sleep, as they sleep who find  
Their heart's desire.

*How Far is it to Bethlehem?*

FRANCES CHESTERTON.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

THEY CAME WITH HASTE AND FOUND MARY,  
AND JOSEPH, AND THE BABE

Who are these that ride so fast, o'er the desert's  
sandy road,  
That have tracked the Red Sea shore, and have  
swum the torrents broad,  
Whose camels' bells are tinkling through the  
long and starry night—  
For they ride like men pursued, like the  
vanquished of a fight?

Who are these that ride so fast? They are  
eastern monarchs three,  
Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced  
their high degree ;  
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize, the  
well-known voices kind,—  
Their people's tents, their native plains, they've  
left them all behind.

The very least of faith's dim rays beamed on  
them from afar  
And that same hour they rose from off their  
thrones to track the Star :

---

## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

They cared not for the cruel scorn of those  
who called them mad ;  
Messias' star was shining, and their royal  
hearts were glad.

No Bibles and no books of God were in that  
Eastern land,  
No Pope, no blessed Pope had they, to guide  
them with his hand ;  
No Holy Roman Church was there, with its  
clear and strong sunshine,  
With its voice of truth, its arm of power its  
sacraments divine.

But a speck was in the midnight sky, uncertain,  
dim, and far,  
And their hearts were pure, and heard a voice  
proclaim Messias' star :  
And in its golden twinkling they saw more  
than common light,  
The Mother and the Child they saw in Bethlehem  
by night.

And what were crowns, and what were thrones,  
to such a sight as that ?  
So straight away they left their tents, and bade  
not grace to wait ;

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

They hardly stop to slake their thirst at the  
desert's limpid springs,  
Nor note how fair the landscape is, how sweet  
the skylark sings.

Whole cities have turned out to meet their  
royal cavalcade,  
Wise colleges and doctors all their wisdom  
have displayed ;  
And when the Star was dim, they knocked at  
Herod's palace gate,  
And troubled with the news of faith his politic  
estate.

And they have knelt in Bethlehem ! The Ever-  
lasting Child  
They saw upon His Mother's lap, earth's  
monarch meek and mild ;  
His little feet, with Mary's leave, they pressed  
with loving kiss—  
Oh ! what were throne's, oh ! what were crowns,  
to such a joy as this ?

One little sight of Jesus was enough for many  
years,  
One look at Him, their stay and staff in the  
dismal vale of tears :

---

## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

Their people for that sight of Him they gallantly  
withstood,

They taught His faith, they preached His Word,  
and for Him shed their blood

Ah me ! What broad daylight of faith our  
thankless souls receive,

How much we know of Jesus, and how easy  
to believe !

'Tis the noonday of His sunshine, of His sun  
that setteth never ;

Faith gives us crowns, and makes us kings,  
and our kingdom is for ever.

Oh ! glory be to God on high for these Arabian  
Kings,

These miracles of Royal faith, with eastern  
offerings :

For Gaspar, and for Melchior, and Balthazar,  
who from far

Found Mary out and Jesus by the shining of  
a star.

Let us ask these martyrs, then, these monarchs  
of the East,

Who are sitting now in Heaven at their Saviour's  
endless feast,

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

To get us faith from Jesus, and hereafter faith's  
bright home,  
And day and night to thank Him for the glorious  
faith of Rome.

*The Three Kings.*

FATHER FABER.

THIS CHILD IS SET FOR THE FALLING AND  
RISING OF MANY IN ISRAEL

*"Nay, but He is so helpless and so sweet,  
Why, it is nothing more than if I pressed  
An armful of white roses to my breast,  
That only stir above my own heart's beat.  
Why should a dream I dreamed destroy my rest?"*  
Yet even as she spake she felt the stir  
Of wings that in the garden passed by her.

*"He is so small, so weak against my heart,  
A little wounded dove were strong as He.  
He hath no other need than need of me,  
Nor any life from my own life apart.  
Why should I dread an olden prophecy?"*  
Yet even as she spake, she felt, like flame,  
The voice that in the garden said her name.



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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

*"As lesser mothers are, am I not blest?  
He is no other's but mine own, mine own,  
No King, no Prophet, but my child alone.  
Asking no other kingdom than my breast.  
Let me be glad those foolish fears are done."*  
Yet even as she spake He stirred in her  
    embrace,  
Feeling her tears, her tears—upon His face.

*The Tears of Mary.*

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR IN THE EAST

A Star came out of the East,  
And a Dream came out of the West.  
They thought that the Star would set,  
They dreamed that the Dream was  
    best.

The dream of an Empire Vast  
As the world's night-bordered hem,  
The Star of Eternal Love—  
They met at Bethlehem.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

And the Dream became a star,  
That fell through the night, and died ;  
But the Star became a dream,  
Fulfilled through æons wide.

### *A Christmas Fantasy.*

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER.

### THE SHEPHERDS RETURNED GLORIFYING AND PRAISING GOD

Footsteps over the snow,  
And never ■ glimpse of grass !  
There's one big star in the sky to show  
Where faithful shepherds pass.

Angels over the world,  
And songs of a lasting joy !  
There's one low cavern, where wings are  
furled  
Above a little Boy.

Mary over her Son,  
The loveliest thing at birth !  
There's dear Saint Joseph, whose care has  
won  
The guardianship on earth.

---

## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

Children after a star  
And icicles all the way !  
It's cold for Kings, from their homes afar,  
Who come for Christmas Day.

. . . . .  
Sunrise over the snow,  
And little ones all asleep !  
And dreams of shepherds, and stars that  
glow,  
And waiting flocks of sheep !

*To Bethlehem.*

ARMEL O'CONNOR.

### OPENING THEIR TREASURES THEY OFFERED UNTO HIM GIFTS

Melchior, Gaspar, Balthazar,  
Great gifts they bore and meet ;  
White linen for His body fair  
And purple for His feet ;  
And golden things—the joy of kings—  
And myrrh to breathe Him sweet.

It was the shepherd Terish spake,  
“ Oh, poor the gift I bring—

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

A little cross of broken twigs,  
A hind's gift to a king—  
Yet, haply, He may smile to see  
And know my offering."

And it was Mary held her Son  
Full softly to her breast,  
"Great gifts and sweet are at Thy feet  
And wonders king-possessed,  
O little Son, take Thou the one  
That pleasures Thee the best."

It was the Christ-Child in her arms  
Who turned from gaud and gold,  
Who turned from wondrous gifts and great,  
From purple woof and fold,  
And to His breast the cross He pressed  
That scarce His hands could hold.

'Twas king and shepherd went their way—  
Great wonder tore their bliss ;  
'Twas Mary clasped her little Son  
Close, close to feel her kiss,  
*And in His hold the cross lay cold  
Between her heart and His !*

*The Ballad of the Cross.*

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

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### THE ANGELS OF GOD ASCENDING AND DESCENDING UPON THE SON OF MAN

It was dark in the desert, and all was drear,  
And only the beasts of the wilderness near,  
And the shadow of sorrow and sin lay deep  
On a wanderer sleeping a homeless sleep ;  
When a door in Heaven was opened wide,  
And angels came to the exile's side,  
On a ladder let down from the House of Love,  
And his life was linked with the life above.

It was dark on the moorland, and night was  
deep ;  
Where the shepherds of Bethlehem watched  
their sheep,  
When a wonderful gleam put out the stars,  
And the angels crowded on golden bars,  
Singing glad tidings to banish fear—  
“ The Prince of the City of Light is here ;  
Come as a Shepherd with you to dwell—  
The Consolation of Israel.”

It was dark in the desert of this world's sin,  
And wild was the waste that man lay in,

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Wandered afar in the hopeless night,  
When Christmas brought him the Message of  
Light.

One in the wilderness laid as well ;  
One who is Saviour, Emmanuel !  
God Himself with a human heart ;  
Earth and the heavens no more apart.

For the Christ is the Ladder, the angels' Way,  
Whereby they come to us day by day ;  
And Christ is the Way that souls ascend  
Into the glory that cannot end ;  
Christ the Little One, Christ the Lord !  
Jesus our Brother, yet King adored :  
Oh let us draw to the Ladder's side,  
And live in Its light of Christmastide !

*The Ladder of Light.*

REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE.

THEY PRESENTED UNTO HIM GIFTS: GOLD  
AND FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH

The Kings have brought Him ambergris,  
The Babe, whose one delight it is  
To creep and nest  
In the warm snows of Mother's breast.









ADORATION OF THE MAGI

*From the Painting by*

O. MOSER.

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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

The Kings have brought Him frankincense,  
Who hath no need, this Innocence,  
    Of aught beside  
His Mother's milk in a full tide.

O'er Mother's breast His fingers go,  
Constraining that sweet stream to flow,  
    So soft and small,  
To whom that milky world is all.

The Kings have brought Him gold and myrrh,  
This new-born thing whose Heaven's in her ;  
    To make His bed  
In the sweet place from which He fed.

Myrrh, spikenard, such precious things,  
The Kings have brought the King of Kings,  
    Who drunken-deep  
Falls like a full-fed lamb asleep.

*Epiphany.*

KATHARINE TYNAN.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

YE SHALL FIND THE BABE WRAPPED IN  
SWADDLING CLOTHES

When first her Christmas watch to keep  
Came down the silent angel, Sleep,  
    With snowy sandals shod,  
Beholding what this mother's hands  
Had wrought, with softer swaddling bands  
    She swathed the Son of God.

Then skilled in mysteries of night,  
With tender visions of delight  
    She wreathed His resting-place,  
Till wakened by a warmer glow  
Than Heaven itself had yet to show,  
    He saw His mother's face.

*At the Manger.*

J. B. TABB.

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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

WHERE IS HE THAT IS BORN ?

“ Where have ye laid my Lord ?  
Behold I find Him not !  
Hath He, in heaven adored,  
    His home forgot ?  
Give me, O sons of men,  
My truant GOD again ! ”

“ A voice from sphere to sphere—  
A faltering murmur—ran,  
‘ Behold He is not here !  
    Perchance with Man,  
The lowlier made than we,  
He hides His majesty.’ ”

Then, hushed in wondering awe,  
The spirit held his breath,  
And bowed : for, lo, he saw  
    O’ershadowing Death,  
A Mother’s hands above,  
Swathing the limbs of Love !

*The Angel’s Christmas Quest.*

J. B. TABB.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

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### GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST

The world was dark when the angels came,—  
    *Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !*  
The birth of the New Time to proclaim ;—  
    *Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !*

“ *To men of good-will—Peace !* ” Earth’s night  
Blazed suddenly with heavenly light ;—  
    *Hail, Mary, and the new born Babe !*

The shadows of the past were riven  
By that sweet effluence from Heaven ;—  
    *Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !*

’Twas in the depth of deepest dark,  
That came to fruit this mighty work ;—  
    *Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !*

The shepherds left their all, and sped  
By lonely ways to the lowly shed ;—  
    *Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !*

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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

They did not wait, nor did delay,  
Till they found the place where the Saviour  
lay ;—

*Hail, Mary, and the new-born Babe !*

. . . . .

Two thousand years have passed since then,—

*They crucified the Christ—the King.*

And earth still bears the curse of Cain,

*And crucifies the Christ—its King.*

“ *To men of good-will—Peace !* ” Ah, yes !

But who would peace must grace possess ;—

*Nor crucify the Christ—their King.*

The earth is dark and full of pain,

Shall the heavenly Vision come again,—

*While we crucify the Christ—our King ?*

The world has slipped away from Him ;

Our fealty is warped and dim ;—

*We crucify the Christ—the King.*

Who would have peace must never cease

To labour for His high increase.—

*And crucify no more their King.*

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Forsaking every smaller way,  
Seek only His supremacy,  
And crown Him . . . Christ . . . the King !

*To Men of Goodwill—Peace.*

JOHN OXENHAM.

### FOR UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN

The thatch on the roof was as golden,  
Though dusty the straw was and old,  
The wind had a peal as of trumpets,  
Though blowing and barren and cold,  
The mother's hair was a glory  
Though loosened and torn,  
For under the eaves in the gloaming  
A child was born.

Have a myriad children been quickened,  
Have ■ myriad children grown old,  
Grown gross and unloved, and embittered,  
Grown cunning and savage and cold ?  
God abides in ■ terrible patience,  
Unangered, unworn,  
And again for the child that was squandered  
A child is born.



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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

What know we of æons behind us,  
Dim dynasties lost long ago,  
Huge empires, like dreams unremembered,  
Huge cities for ages laid low ?  
This at least—that with blight and with blessing,  
With flower and with thorn,  
Love was there, and his cry was among them,  
“ A child is born.”

Though the darkness be noisy with systems,  
Dark fancies that fret and disprove,  
Still the plumes stir around us, above us,  
The wings of the shadow of love.  
Oh ! princes and priests, have ye seen it  
Grow pale through your scorn ?  
Huge dawns sleep before us, deep changes,  
A child is born.

And the rafters of toil still are gilded  
With the dawn of the star of the heart,  
And the wise men draw near in the twilight,  
Who are weary of learning and art,  
And the face of the tyrant is darkened,  
His spirit is torn,  
For a new King is enthroned ; yea, the sternest,  
A child is born.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

And the mother still joys for the whispered  
First stir of unspeakable things  
Still feels that high moment unfurling  
Red glory of Gabriel's wings.  
Still the babe of an hour is a master  
Whom angels adorn,  
Emmanuel, prophet, anointed,  
A child is born.

And thou, thou art still in thy cradle,  
The sun being crown for thy brow,  
Make answer, our flesh, make an answer,  
Say, whence art thou come—who art thou?  
Art thou come back on earth for our teaching  
To train or to warn—?  
Hush—how may we know?—knowing only  
A child is born.

*The Nativity.*

G. K. CHESTERTON.

THEY SHALL CALL HIS NAME EMMANUEL

And art Thou come with us to dwell,  
Our Prince, our Guide, our Love, our Lord?  
And is Thy name Emmanuel,  
God present with His world restored?

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## THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

---

The world is glad for Thee ! the rude  
Wild moor, the city's crowded pen ;  
Each waste, each peopled solitude,  
Becomes a home for happy men.

The heart is glad for Thee ! it knows  
None now shall bid it err or mourn ;  
And o'er its desert breaks the rose  
In triumph o'er the grieving thorn.

Thou bringest all again ; with Thee  
Is light, is space, is breadth and room  
For each thing fair, beloved and free,  
To have its hour of life and bloom.

Each heart's deep instinct unconfessed,  
Each lowly wish, each daring claim ;  
All, all that life hath long repressed,  
Unfolds, undreading blight or blame.

Thy reign eternal will not cease ;  
Thy years are sure, and glad, and slow ;  
Within Thy mighty world of peace  
The humblest flower hath leave to blow,

And spread its leaves to meet the sun  
And drink within its soul the dew ;  
The child's sweet laugh like light may run  
Through life's long day, and still be true ;

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

The maid's fond sigh, the lover's kiss,  
The firm warm clasp of constant friend ;  
And nought shall fail, and nought shall miss  
Its blissful aim, its blissful end.

The world is glad for Thee ! the heart  
Is glad for Thee ! and all is well,  
And fix'd and sure, because THOU ART  
Whose name is called Emmanuel.

*Veni Veni Emmanuel.*

DORA GREENWELL.

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*THE LIFE AND THE WAY*

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II. THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS



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## THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

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### AND THE CHILD GREW AND WAXED STRONG IN SPIRIT

To all the neighbours and the common ken  
He came of plain and simple working-folk,—  
The first-born of the village carpenter ;  
A son of toil born to a son of toil,  
And differing in no way from his kin.

He sported with the village boys and girls  
Among the vines and olives of the hills,  
Nor lacked in boyish mischiefs with the rest.  
He loved the games in street and market-place,  
And laughed and splashed and shouted in the  
stream.

And on the great highway, with eager eyes  
And parted lips, he lay and watched pass by  
The long slow strings of camels with their packs  
Piled high with mysteries from far-off lands,—  
Down to the sea, up from the sea again,—  
The ponderous shuttles of an empire's loom  
That shot through all the warp of Palestine  
The purple pride of Rome ;—  
And bands of soldiery, with heavy tread,  
And hard, rough faces, and the clank of steel ;—

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

And, now and then, the passing pomp of kings.  
These all he watched with clear observant eyes,  
And chattered with the rest, but ne'er forgot.

Nature he loved as kinsman loves his kin,  
And held all beasts and birds and flowers and  
trees

In sweet esteem, as though indeed they were  
In some strange way a very part of Him,  
And he the champion of their liberties.

In this alone he differed from the rest,  
That, though he joined with glee in all that  
passed,

His mind was ever stainless as the snow,  
And no foul thought could find a lodging there.

His mother watched him with strange misted  
eyes

That held within their depths grave mysteries,—  
Thoughts all untellable of what had been  
And all that still might be. . . .

Not understanding, but believing still,  
She treasured deeply all he said and did,  
And pondered all. And, when she forward  
looked,



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## THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

---

She hoped great things for him, and dreamed  
at times  
Of thrones and crowns, and an all-conquering  
King  
Who should cast off the shackles from the land  
And set it free.

Him he called father he most dearly loved,  
And learned of him all he could teach—and  
more,  
—Obedience, reverence, perfect trust in God,  
All that his life taught all unconsciously.  
So, to the boy, the name of “father” stood  
Pre-eminent for all things high and true  
And altogether good.

*His Boyhood.*

JOHN OXENHAM.

HE CAME AND DWELT IN A CITY CALLED  
NAZARETH

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy  
Once, and just so small as I?  
And what did it feel like to be  
Out of Heaven, and just like me?

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*,  
And ask where all the angels were ?  
I should think that I would cry  
For my house all made of sky ;  
I would look about the air,  
And wonder where my angels were ;  
And at waking 'twould distress me—  
Not an angel there to dress me !  
Hadst Thou ever any toys,  
Like us little girls and boys ?  
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all  
The angels that were not too tall,  
With stars for marbles ? Did the things  
Play *Can you see me ?* through their wings ?  
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil  
Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil ?  
How nice to have them always new  
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue !

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,  
And didst Thou join Thy hands this way ?  
And did they tire sometimes, being young,  
And make the prayer seem very long ?  
And dost Thou like it best, that we  
Should join our hands to pray to Thee ?  
I used to think, before I knew,  
The prayer not said unless we do

---

## THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

---

And did Thy Mother at the night  
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right ?  
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,  
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said ?

Thou canst not have forgotten all  
That it feels like to be small :  
And Thou know'st I cannot pray  
To Thee in my father's way—  
When Thou wast so little, say,  
Could'st Thou talk Thy Father's way ?—

So, a little child come down  
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own ;  
Take me by the hand and walk,  
And listen to my baby-talk.  
To Thy Father show my prayer  
(He will look, Thou art so fair),  
And say : “ O Father, I, Thy Son,  
Bring the prayer of a little one.”

And He will smile, that children's tongue  
Has not changed since Thou wast young !

*Little Jesus.*

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

### THE HOLY CHILD JESUS

Once, measuring his height, he stood  
    Beneath a cypress-tree,  
And leaning back against the wood,  
    Stretched wide his arms for me ;  
Whereat ■ brooding mother-dove  
Fled fluttering from her nest above.

At evening he loved to walk  
Among the shadowing hills and talk  
    Of Bethlehem ;  
But if perchance there passed us by  
The paschal lambs, he'd look at them  
In silence, long and tenderly ;  
And when again he'd try to speak,  
I've seen the tears upon his cheek.

*The Boy Jesus.*

J. B. TABB.

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## THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

---

FOR HE HATH LOOKED UPON THE LOW  
ESTATE OF HIS HANDMAIDEN

Mary smiled on her little Son,

“ Now, why hast Thou left Thy play ? ”

“ But to touch thy hands with my hands,  
Mother,

Lest sometime there comes a day  
When I may not close them within my own,  
Though they fall as hurt doves may ? ”

Mary smiled on her little Son,

“ Now blind wouldst Thou have me go  
That mine eyes Thou hast closed with kisses  
twain ? ”

“ My Mother, I may not know,  
But I fear a day when they look on pain  
And I may not close them so.”

Mary smiled on her little Son,

Close, close in her arms pressed He ;  
“ O Mother, my Mother, my heart on thine  
Lest sometime a day may be  
When I may not comfort or make it whole,  
Though it break for love of me.”

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

*Now think you that on Calvary hill  
Whereon her Son was slain  
She felt upon her eyes that touch  
That veiled them unto pain,  
And filled her groping hands, and bade  
Her torn heart beat again?*

*The Ballad of the Comforting.*

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

IS NOT THIS THE CARPENTER'S SON?

A Carpenter of Nazareth.  
(No more than that?) at home was fain  
For eighteen years to spend his breath  
In daily work for daily gain.

While yet still young, had Joseph taught  
The boy a carpenter to be;  
He learnt the craft with years, and wrought  
At last more cunningly than he.

Swift to his tools the willing wood  
Took shape and form beneath His hand;  
Soon was no craftsman there as good  
As Mary's son in all the land.

---

## THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

---

Full many a thing He wrought with skill :  
Cradles for poor sons yet to be ;  
Beds, tables, cups, that men might still  
Know joy as well as misery ;  
And biers for who had had their fill  
Of life and all its vanity.

But as He came to know men's need—  
Know it in all things, small and great—  
He could not rest and take no heed  
Of their most pitiful estate.

And, as He worked, yet one thing more  
For them He fashioned lovingly,—  
Each piece and part He pondered o'er,—  
A dream of what perchance might be.

Thus through these long years it would seem  
While working trusty wood, He planned  
To build the semblance of His dream—  
Build it of sliding human sand.

He tried—And when (Oh, bitterness !)  
His dream crashed down, and, lonely He  
Stood in its ruins, illusionless,  
Full-faced with man's inconstancy,

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

'Mid all else shifting, one thing good—  
One thing He saw, true, solid, plain :  
A forthright craftsman's work of wood,  
The one thing there not wrought in vain.

The Carpenter of Nazareth  
(That only ? Nothing more ?) was fain  
To stretch Him on that cross of death  
As one, at last, come home again.

ANON.

### THE GRACE OF GOD WAS UPON HIM

So sweetly through that humble home  
The rippling laughter went  
That Mary felt the world's blue dome  
Too small for her content.

And careful Joseph, while he held  
The boy in grave caress,  
Wist not what tender thrill dispelled  
His workday weariness.

The crown set softly, only rings  
Of baby hair a gleam  
With lustres dropt from angels' wings  
And starlight down a dream.



---

## THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

---

The thorn-tree was a seedling still,  
And with laughter's frolic chime  
The Christ-child did His father's will,  
As when of elder time,

A ruddy lad in Bethlehem  
Was keeping sheep and played  
Blithe music on His harp to them  
Before the psalms were made.

*Murillo's "Holy Family of the Little Bird."*

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

CAN ANY GOOD THING COME OUT OF  
NAZARETH?

*Little town of Nazareth  
On the hillsides Galilean,  
Oh, your name is like a pæan  
Rising over dole and death*

I can see your domes and towers  
Dazzle underneath the moon,  
And your drowsy poppy-flowers  
In the breezes sway and swoon.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

I can see your olives quiver  
With their opalescent sheen,  
Like the ripple of a river  
Gliding grassy banks between.

I can see your graceful daughters  
Poise their slim-necked drinking-jars,  
With their hair like twilight waters,  
And their eyes like Syrian stars.

I can see your narrow by-ways  
Where the folk go sandal-shod—  
All your dim bazaars and highways,  
Every path that once He trod.

And I know that waking, sleeping,  
Until time has ceased to be,  
You will hold fast in your keeping  
His belovèd memory!

*Little town of Nazareth  
On the hillsides Galilean,  
Oh, your name is like a pæan  
Rising over dole and death!*

*Easter at Nazareth.*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

---

## THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

---

HE CAME TO NAZARETH AND WAS  
SUBJECT UNTO THEM

He was a boy like other boys,  
And played and sported with the rest,  
He had his troubles and his joys,  
And strove for mastery with the best.

He was a very boy, and had  
His little faults—like other boys ;  
But he was always gay and glad,  
And eager in his small employs.

With all the rest he went to school,  
But gave his lessons more concern,  
And school to him was never dull,  
He had so keen a wish to learn.

He loved all birds and beasts and flowers,  
And in the hills spent happy days  
Lying unseen in cunning bowers  
Where he could watch their curious ways.

He was great-hearted, tender, true,  
And brave as any boy could be,  
And very gentle, for he knew  
That Love is God's own Chivalry.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

He was a boy—like you—and you,—  
As full of jokes, as full of fun,  
But always He was bravely true  
And did no wrong to anyone.

And one thing I am sure about,—  
He never tumbled into sin,  
But kept Himself, within, without,  
As God had made him, sweet and clean.

*Like Other Boys.*

JOHN OXENHAM.

### JESUS CHRIST IS COME IN THE FLESH

I know, Lord, Thou hast sent Him—  
Thou art so good to me !—  
But Thou hast only lent Him,  
His heart's for Thee !—

I dared—Thy poor handmaiden—  
Not ask a prophet-child :  
Only a boy-babe laden  
For earth—and mild.

---

## THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

---

But this one Thou has given  
Seems not for earth—or me !  
His lips frame truth from heaven,  
And vanity

Seem all my thoughts and prayers  
When He but speaks Thy law ;  
Out of my heart the tares  
Are torn by awe !

I cannot look upon Him  
So strangely burn His eyes—  
Hath not some grieving drawn Him  
From Paradise ?

For Thee, for Thee I'd live, Lord !  
Yet oft I almost fall  
Before Him—Oh, forgive, Lord  
My sinful thrall !

But e'en when He was nursing,  
A baby at my breast,  
It seemed He was dispersing  
The world's unrest.

Thou bad'st me call Him " Jesus,"  
And from our heavy sin  
I know He shall release us,  
From Sheol win.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

But, Lord, forgive ! the yearning  
That He may sometimes be  
Like other children, learning  
Beside my knee.

Or playing, prattling, seeking  
For help—comes to my heart . . .  
Oh sinful, Lord, I'm speaking—  
How good Thou art !

*Mary at Nazareth.*

CALE YOUNG RICE.

### CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

“ Sweetest Son, what dost Thou see ?  
In Thine eyes groweth the shadow.  
Dost Thou weary of earth and me  
While we wander in this sweet meadow ?

“ Flowers are springing all gold before  
My little son, who shall be my Man ;  
Meadow grasses bow to adore  
The sweetest flower since the world began.

---

## THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

---

“ Little Jesus that turnest from me,  
What dost Thou grieve for, sad and apart !  
Thine eyes see something I cannot see ;  
Why art Thou mournful, little dear heart ? ”

“ Mother of mine, I look on ■ place  
And men asleep 'neath ■ darkling sky ;  
One crieth out with ■ stricken face.  
Oh ! Mother, I fear that man is I.”

“ Thou dream'st, small Son ! Is naught to fear.  
Sit and play 'neath the blooming bough.  
Here be Thine angels, merry and dear  
Thy Father will send Thee guards enow.”

“ But, Mother, I see a rabble rout,  
And one among them is dragged to die.  
' *Crucifige !* ' the voices shout.  
Oh ! Mother, I fear that man is I.”

“ Peace, dear Lordkin ; here be Thy birds,  
The kid, Thy sweeting, the lamb, the dove ;  
Thy Father will send Thee a million swords  
Ere any harm Thee, my Baby Love.”

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

“ Oh ! Mother, I see a man of grief.  
Nailed to a cross on a hill-top high ;  
His head is bowed betwixt thief and thief  
Oh ! Mother, I think that man is I.”

“ Peace, little Birdkin, they dare not do it ;  
Here runs little John to play with Thee.  
Rose of Sharon and Jesse’s Root,  
I, Thy Mother, will stay with Thee.”

She kisses her Rose, His hands, His feet,  
“ It was but dreaming, my Son so small.”  
But over her heart in the noontide heat  
The shadows of three faint crosses fall.

*The Vision of Jesus.*

KATHARINE TYNAN.

### HE IS OUR PEACE

St. Joseph to the Carpenters said on a Christmas  
Day :

“ The master shall have patience and the  
’prentice shall obey ;  
And your word unto your women shall be  
nowise hard or wild :



---

## THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

---

For the sake of me, your master, who have  
worshipped Wife and Child.

But softly you shall frame the fence, and softly  
carve the door,

And softly plane the table—as to spread it for  
the poor,

And all your thoughts be soft and white as the  
wood of the white tree.

But if they tear the Charter, let the tocsin speak  
for me !

Let the wooden sign above your shop be prouder  
to be scarred

Than the lion-shield of Lancelot that hung at  
Joyous Garde ”

*The Carpenters.*

G. K. CHESTERTON.



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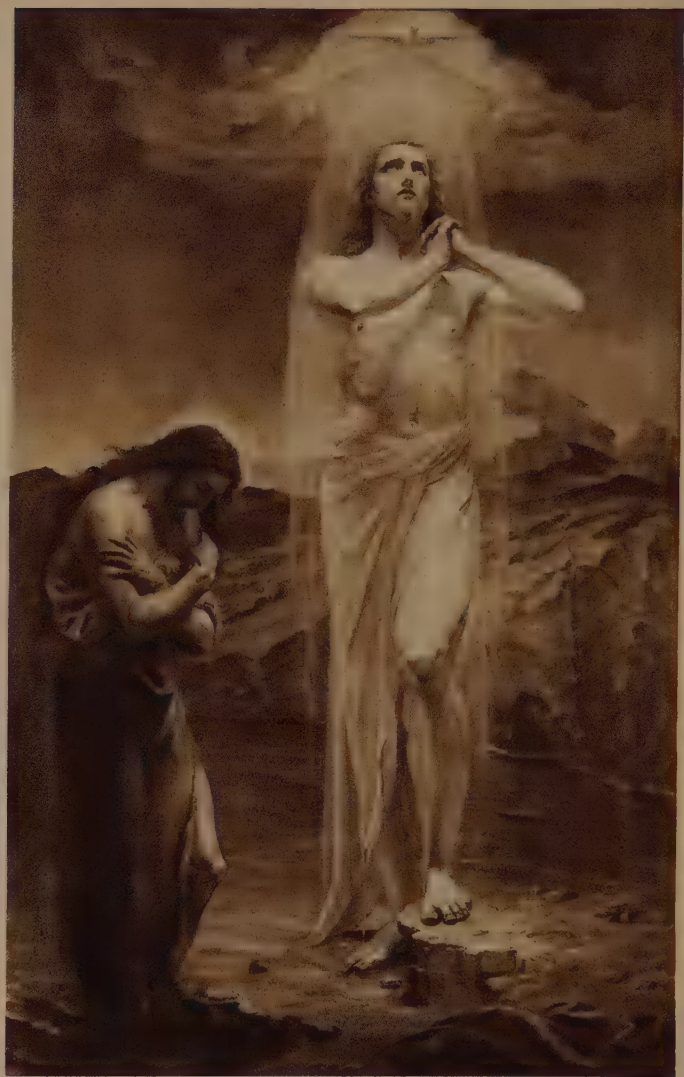
*THE LIFE AND THE WAY*

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III. THE MINISTRY OF JESUS









THE BAPTISM

*From the Painting by*

*F. SHIELDS.*



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## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

---

BEHOLD I SEND MY MESSENGER BEFORE  
THY FACE

Child of the tempest and the northern blast,  
Rugged and stern as was thy desert home,  
E'en yet thy thunderings we hear aghast,  
Fearing the wrath to come.

Thou wast a leaping flame : before thy birth,  
Impetuous and exultant thou didst spring  
Within the womb, longing to tell the earth  
The tidings of the King.

Like as a flame thou cam'st, a wind of fire,  
Precursor of the Pentecostal sign,  
Singing the coming of the day of ire,  
Or penitence condign.

Like as a wind that heeds not majesty,  
But equally on prince and beggar blows,  
In fierce command 'gainst Herod's infamy  
Thy voice undaunted rose.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

A blowing wind of flame thou wast from birth,  
And still a flame unconquered thou didst pass.  
The spirit burns bright in Heaven which on  
earth  
So like a seraph was !

*John the Baptist.*

ALOYSIUS V. PHILLIPS.

### JESUS OF NAZARETH

At eventide, we entered Nazareth  
Set in the hills against a primrose sky.  
The houses were like friends. There was a sigh  
Of wind through ebon trees. I held my breath ;  
For here was beauty unafraid of death—  
Christ's ever-youth. His churches, standing by,  
Seemed very young, more wondering than  
shy . . .  
And with that wonder of Elizabeth.

I heard of Jesus from a Syrian boy—  
Sweet, the Lord's Name in French—and oh !  
his joy

---

## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

---

To find I cared for One who grew up here.  
He fetched me water, and he brought me fruit ;  
And was so loving-kind, I was struck mute . . .  
Feeling the perfect Presence very near.

*Nazareth.*

ARMEL O'CONNOR

THOU HAST KEPT THE GOOD WINE  
UNTIL NOW

Not the mere dregs of my life's cup  
Will I give unto Thee,  
But, Lord, my youth I offer up  
To Thy safe custody.

Thou art the steward of my soul :  
Lock Thou its portal sure !  
Keep Thou my vintage rich and whole,  
Its strength and heat make pure,

That at Thy wedding-feast and mine,  
When this world's cup is past,  
My soul may find her better wine  
Untouched unto the last.

*The Good Wine.*

ALOYSIUS V. PHILLIPS.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

### THERE CAME A LEPER TO HIM BESEECHING HIM

Not white and shining like an ardent flame,  
Not like Thy Mother and the Saints in bliss,  
But white from head to foot I bear my blame,  
White as the leper is.

*Unclean ! unclean !* But Thou can'st make  
me clean.

Yet if Thou cleans't me, Lord, see that I be  
Like that one grateful leper of the ten  
Who ran back praising Thee.

But if I must forget, take back Thy word ;  
Be I unclean again but not ingrate.  
Before I shall forget Thee, keep me, Lord,  
A sick man at Thy gate !

*The Leper.*

KATHARINE TYNAN.

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## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

---

HELP US, O GOD OF OUR SALVATION

If I had been in Palestine  
A poor disciple I had been.  
I had not risked or purse or limb  
All to forsake, and follow Him.  
    But with the vast and wondering throng  
    I too had stood and listened long ;  
    I too had felt my spirit stirred  
    When the Beatitudes I heard.

With the glad crowd that sang the psalm,  
I too had sung, and strewed the palm ;  
Then slunk away in dastard shame  
When the High Priest denounced His name.  
    But when my late companions cried  
    “ Away ! let Him be crucified ! ”  
    I would have begged, with tremulous  
    Pale lips, “ Release Him unto us ! ”

Beside the cross when Mary prayed,  
A great way off I too had stayed ;  
Not even in that hour had dared,  
And for my dying Lord declared ;

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

But beat upon my craven breast,  
And loathed my coward heart, at least,  
To think my life I dared not stake  
And beard the Romans for His sake.

*Judge me, O Lord.*

SARAH N. CLEGHORN.

WHEN YE PRAY, SAY, OUR FATHER

The old bell calls to morning prayers  
From his bower of ivy-vine :  
The old bell-ringer kneels on the stairs  
To mumble o'er his line :  
The little birds have all sung theirs :  
Lo ! I will sing me mine.

*Pater Noster*—Lord of Heaven  
Holy, Holy is Thy name !  
Strike the chords of Lyra, seven ;  
Till each string sounds forth Thy fame.  
Let the sun fulfil his motion  
Day by day at Thy sure word,  
Let the wind o'er land and ocean  
Sing the greatness of the Lord,

---

## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

---

Let the rain in gentle showers  
Patter, patter praise to Thee,  
Let the thunder's mighty powers  
Rend the sky and shake the sea,  
Till all nations shall enthrone Thee  
King of Kings eternally.

*Pater Noster*—The Creator  
Of the earth and all therein,  
From the poles to the equator  
Cleanse it, cleanse it, Lord, from sin !  
Thou, who mak'st the flowers fragrant,  
Send'st the seasons ever sure,  
Take Thy children, erring, vagrant,  
Make their lives so true, so pure.  
Grant them harvests free, abundant ;  
After labour give them rest ;  
Let not sorrow be redundant—  
Lord, Thou knowest what is best.  
Those who fall beneath life's burden,  
Take, O take them to Thy Breast.

*Pater Meus*—O my Father,  
Hear the cry of this poor soul !  
Punish not my sins, but rather  
In Thy mercy make me whole.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Doubt and Fear pursue, o'ertake me ;  
Faith and I—oh ! weak are we.  
I am lost if Thou forsake me :  
Pity my humility !  
Give me strength to fight and vanquish  
The grim foes who bar my way,  
Heal my wounds, and calm my anguish—  
Hear, O hear these prayers I say !  
Lead me through the world's long night-  
time  
To the pure and perfect day.

*Pater Omnis*—Shall I ask it ?—  
Yea : for Thou hast lovèd me.  
Let me bear one fragment-basket,  
Filled with love by Galilee :  
Let me, for my soul's salvation,  
Love on all men here bestow,  
Not for mine own exaltation,  
But for His, whose love I show.  
Save me from the name of scorner,  
Teach me how to help the weak,  
Lift the fallen, soothe the mourner,  
Comfort those who comfort seek—  
Make me like, and ever liker,  
Holy Jesus kind and meek.



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## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

---

The prayer is sung, the bell is still,  
The ivy flashes in the sun.  
The old bellringer hath a chill :  
His course is nearly run.  
I'll forth and aid him up the hill :  
The new day is begun.

*Morning Prayer.*

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER.

### I AM THE DOOR

The Cross of Calvary  
Was verily The Key  
By which our Brother Christ  
Unlocked The Door  
Of Immortality  
To you and me ;  
And, passing through Himself before,  
He set it wide  
For evermore,  
That we, by His grace justified,  
And by His great love fortified,  
Might enter in all fearlessly,  
And dwell for ever by His side.

(from) *The Key.*

JOHN OXENHAM.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

### HE IS OUR ELDER BROTHER

The world is ours till sunset,  
Holly and fire and snow ;  
And the name of our dead brother  
Who loved us long ago.

The grown folk mighty and cunning,  
They write his name in gold ;  
But we can tell a little  
Of the million tales he told.

He taught them laws and watchwords,  
To teach and struggle and pray ;  
But He taught us deep in the hayfield  
The games that the angels play.

Had he stayed here for ever,  
Their world would be wise as ours—  
And the king be cutting capers,  
And the priest be picking flowers.

---

## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

---

But the dark day came : they gathered :  
On their faces we could see  
They had taken and slain our brother,  
And hanged him on a tree.

*Our Elder Brother.*

G. K. CHESTERTON.

### YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN

Would'st thou possess the Kingdom not of  
earth,  
Thy title thou must prove by heavenly birth,—  
Else have thy proud pretensions little worth.

The living germ enclosed the seed within—  
To nobler elements than earth akin,  
By a new birth its way must thither win.

Ere of those elements it may partake  
From its long wintry trance it needs must wake,  
And thro' the obstructive envelope forth-break.

Share in like elements of air and sun  
The cloistered chrysalis as yet hath none—  
By the enfranchised moth securely won.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Soundly it slumbers thro' its pupa stage,  
Deep buried in its dark pre-natal cage,  
A stranger to its large, rich heritage.

Nor may it pass from out its old domain,  
A nobler, grander sphere of life to gain,  
Till corresponding organs it obtain ;

Till it hath fully been endowed—in lieu  
Of its old members—with equipment new,  
The function of its new life to pursue.

Above, around, ambrosial airs may breathe ;  
With balmy odours the closed sense enwreath ;  
The heavens their choicest, richest stores  
bequeath.

Nought it avails the irresponsible sense—  
The largess overflowing and immense,  
The bounteous Heavens with liberal hand  
dispense.

Man's nature must be wholly re-create ;  
Avails not change of place, but change of state ;  
To the Heavens the new birth is the only gate.

---

## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

---

'Tis the acquirement of new faculty,  
Wherewith its sights and sounds to hear and see,  
Of the supernal world that makes us free.

Still bides the soul in her deep wintry trance ;  
Finds for her pent-up powers no utterance ;  
Of things eterne hath no clear cognizance.

Glories unutterable about her lie,  
But nought thereof 'tis given her to descry ;  
Nor may she anywise thereinto pry ;

Till breathes an influence subtler than the wind,  
From far-drawn depths, past mortal range and  
find,

As are the issues grand to it assigned.

As spring-warmth woos the germ each seed  
within

The spirit woos the soul deep sunk in sin,  
To higher worlds unconscious of its kin ;

Opes the sealed eyes, unstops the close-shut ears,  
From fleshly film the mental vision clears,  
Till to the new-waked sense all Heaven appears.

*The New Birth.*

WILLIAM HALL, M.A.

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*THE LIFE AND THE WAY*

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TOWARD THE SEA BEYOND JORDAN,  
GALILEE OF THE GENTILES

Bright 'neath the Syrian sun, dim 'neath the  
Syrian star,  
Thus lieth Galilee's sea, sapphirine lake  
Gennesar ;

Girdled by mountains that range purple and  
proud to their crests,  
Bearing the burden of dreams,—glamour of  
eld,—on their breasts.

Just one white glint of a sail dotting the  
brooding expanse ;  
Beaches that sparkle and gleam, ripples that  
darkle and dance ;

Grandeur and beauty and peace welded year-  
long into one,  
Under the Syrian star, under the Syrian sun !

---

## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

---

And over all and through all memories sweet  
of His name,  
Kindling the past with their light, touching  
the future with flame !

*Gennesar.*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOUR

We labour and are heavy laden. Where  
Shall we find rest unto our souls ? We bleed  
On thorn and flint, and rove in pilgrim weed  
From shrine to shrine, but comfort is not there.  
What went we out into thy desert bare,  
O Human Life, to see ? Thy greenest reed  
Is Love, unmighty for our utmost need,  
And shaken with the wind of our despair.  
A voice from Heaven like dew on Hermon  
falleth,

That voice whose passion paled the olive leaf  
In thy dusky aisles, Gethsemane, thou blest  
Of gardens. 'Tis the Man of Sorrows calleth,  
The Man of Sorrows and acquaint with grief :  
“ Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”

*Come unto Me.*

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

### IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS

How know I that it looms lovely, that land I  
have never seen,  
With morning-glories, and heartease, and un-  
exampled green,  
With neither heat nor cold in the balm-redolent  
air ?  
Some of this, not all, I know ; but this is so :  
Christ is there.

How know I that blessedness befalls who dwell  
in paradise,  
The out-wearied hearts refreshing, rekindling  
the worn-out eyes,  
All souls singing, seeing, rejoicing everywhere ?  
Nay, much more than this I know ; for this  
is so :  
Christ is there.

O Lord Christ, whom having not seen I love  
and desire to love,  
O Lord Christ, who lookest on me uncomely,  
yet still Thy dove,



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## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

---

Take me to Thee in paradise, Thine own made  
fair ;  
For whatever else I know, this thing is so :  
Thou art there.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

### GO AND SIN NO MORE

Master, what work hast thou for me,—  
For me, who turn aside in shame  
Before the eyes of my own blame ?  
Thou seest, Lord.

I see.

That shame for me thou shalt endure,  
That thou mayst succour souls afraid,  
Who would not dare to seek for aid  
The mercilessly pure.

But must my heart forever show  
These scars of unforgotten pain ?  
May it be never whole again ?  
Thou knowest, Lord.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

I know.

Those scars I leave thee for a sign  
That bleeding hearts may creep to rest  
As on a mother's sheltering breast  
On that scarred heart of thine.

*Magdalen to Christ.*

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

WHEN THEY WERE FULLY AWAKE, THEY  
SAW HIS GLORY

The way was steep and wild ; we watched  
Him go

Through tangled thicket, over sharp-edged  
stone

That tore His feet, until He stood alone  
Upon the summit where four great winds blow ;  
Fearful we knelt on the cold rocks below,

For the o'erhanging cloud had larger grown,  
A strange still radiance through His body  
shone

Whiter than moonlight on the mountain snow.

Then two that flamed amber and amethyst  
Were either side Him, while low thunder  
rolled

---

## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

---

Down to the ravens in their deep ravine ;  
But when we looked again, as through a mist  
We saw Him near us.—Like a pearl we  
hold  
Close to our hearts what we have heard  
and seen.

*According to Saint Mark.*

THOMAS S. JONES.

### I AM THE LIVING WATER

Oh, for those living waters ! that I thirst  
No more, nor wander wishful to and fro  
To quench my drought, let Heavenly springs  
upburst ;  
From depths profound full plenteous founts  
upflow.

For this my heart, which Thou dost justly claim  
Thy garden and Thy pleasure, whence fair  
flowers  
And fruit to cull—to my disgrace and shame  
Shows but bare borders and dishevelled  
bowers.

Nought there but nakedness and earth is seen,  
Or the sad tokens of the thorny curse ;

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

No vigorous growth of fresh and grateful  
green ;

No balmy odours fragrancy disperse.

Speak the all-potent word, " Spring up, O  
Well ! "

Remove the obstructions thereupon have lain ;  
Thro' my weak heart Love's quick'ning tide  
propel ;

A paradise within create again.

Let blessings from the unfathomable deep  
That lieth under—flood the depths profound  
Of my whole nature, till from thence upleap  
The healing waters there long pent and  
bound.

For to its sister deep the void within  
Incessant, loud, and passionately cries ;  
Restless it heaves and moans until it win  
For its vast needs commensurate supplies.

Spring up, O Well ; break forth, blest living  
fount ;

Ye heavenly floods, thro' all my being roll !  
River of God, let thy glad waters mount  
To irrigate and heal my barren soul !

WILLIAM HALL, M.A

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## THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

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### IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD

A Word came forth in Galilee, a word like to  
a star ;

It climbed and rang and blessed and burnt  
wherever brave hearts are ;

A word of sudden secret hope, of trial and  
increase

Of wrath and pity fused in fire, and passion  
kissing peace.

A star that o'er the citied world beckoned, a  
sword of flame ;

A star with myriad thunders tongued : a mighty  
word there came.

The wedge's dart passed into it, the groan of  
timber-wains,

The ringing of the rivet nails, the shrieking of  
the planes,

The hammering on the roofs at morn, the busy  
workshop roar ;

The hiss of shavings drifted deep along the  
windy floor ;

The heat-browned toiler's crooning song, the  
hum of human worth—

Mingled of all the noise of crafts, the ringing  
word went forth.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

The splash of nets passed into it, the grind of  
sand and shell,  
The boat-hook's clash, the boat-oars' jar, the  
cries to buy and sell,  
The flapping of the landed shoals, the canvas  
crackling free,  
And through all varied notes and cries, the  
roaring of the sea,  
The noise of little lives and brave, of needy  
lives and high ;  
In gathering all the throes of earth, the living  
word went by.

Earth's giant sins bowed down to it, in  
empires' huge eclipse,  
When darkness sat above the thrones, seven  
thunders on her lips,  
The woe of cities entered it, the clang of idols'  
falls,  
The scream of filthy Cæsars stabbed high in  
their brazen halls,  
The dim hoarse floods of naked men, the  
world-realms snapping girth,  
The trumpets of Apocalypse, the darkness of  
the earth :

The wrath that brake the eternal lamp and hid  
the eternal hill,

---

## *THE MINISTRY OF JESUS*

---

A world's destruction loading, the word went  
onward still—

The blaze of creeds passed into it, the hiss  
of horrid fires,

The headlong spear, the scarlet cross, the  
hair-shirt and the briars,

The christened brethren's thunderous chaunt,  
the errant champion's song,

The shifting of the crowns and thrones, the  
tangle of the strong.

The shattering fall of crest and crown, and  
shield and cross and cope,

The tearing of the gauds of time, the blight  
of prince and pope,

The reign of ragged millions leagued to  
wrench a loaded debt

Loud with many a throated roar, the word  
went forward yet.

The song of wheels passed into it, the roaring  
and the smoke,

The riddle of the want and wage, the fogs that  
burn and choke.

The breaking of the girths of gold, the needs  
that creep and swell ;

The strengthening hope, the dazing light, the  
deafening evangel,

---

*THE LIFE AND THE WAY*

---

Through kingdoms dead and empires damned,  
through changes without cease,  
With earthquake, chaos, born and fed, rose,—  
and the word was “Peace.”

*A Word.*

G. K. CHESTERTON.



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*THE LIFE AND THE WAY*

---

IV. HOLY WEEK



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## HOLY WEEK

---

HE SAW THE CITY AND WEPT OVER IT

Had'st thou but known—at least in this thy  
day—

Wherein thy safety and thy welfare lay,  
Thou had'st not to thy foes thus fall'n a prey,  
Had'st thou but known.

Had'st thou but known the occasion waiting  
thee,

Which ne'er again might so propitious be,  
Thou would'st have grasped thine opportunity  
Had'st thou but known.

Had'st thou but known Who stood thy gate  
before,

And waited patient at the close-barred door,  
Wet with the falling dews, the night frost hoar !  
Had'st thou but known.

Had'st thou but known His beauty there Who  
stood,

And lovingly thy heart's affections wooed,  
How different had been thine attitude !  
Had'st thou but known.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Had'st thou but known how short was this  
thy day,

Thou had'st not loitered idly on the way,  
Nor felt, as evening fell, this dread dismay,  
Had'st thou but known.

Had'st thou but known, while sauntering o'er  
earth's field,  
The treasure 'neath thy careless tread concealed ;  
Far richer than the surface soil could yield,  
Had'st thou but known.

Had'st thou persistently pursued thy quest  
Of the pearl of price surpassing all the rest,  
Ev'n now thou might'st have been thereof  
possessed,  
Had'st thou but known.

Had'st thou but exercised a watchful eye  
On the signs showing in thine azure sky,  
Seen the dark cloudlet on the horizon lie !  
Had'st thou but known.

Had'st thou but known, ere thy springtime had  
flown,  
Thou had'st not now o'er wasted months made  
moan ;  
In vain thou think'st to reap from soil unsown,  
Had'st thou but known.

---

## HOLY WEEK

---

Yet stay, my soul, this sad desponding lay—  
Thro' darkest hour of night may peer the day;  
Thro' murkiest clouds appear Love's piercing  
ray,  
Did'st *thou* but know.

WILLIAM HALL, M.A.

FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW  
NOT WHAT THEY DO

The way of palms He passed in simple state  
And they that hailed Him knew a breath-  
less awe  
The lame leapt at His side, the blind eyes  
saw  
That Heaven descended to the desolate;  
But where the temple rises chief priests wait—  
And He in whom the Roman found no flaw,  
Whose love was greater than the ancient  
Law,  
Rides to His death beyond the city gate.

Jerusalem, what can efface the stain!  
Not full six days since He has entered in,  
And now the nails of Calvary pierce Him  
through,

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Yet wronged, forsaken, bearing mortal pain,  
Immortally He pardons your dark sin :  
Forgive them, for they know not what  
they do.

*Jerusalem.*

THOMAS S. JONES.

NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE, BE DONE

Thy will be done, not mine, O Lord of Love !  
On Earth below, as in blest Heaven above,  
That good and perfect will I fain would prove.

Long did my soul in paths self-chosen run,  
The path appointed me persistent shun ;  
Now let Thine all-wise will in me be done.

Long, did I, seeking but what should console,  
Put from rebellious lips the bitter bowl,  
Spurning the tonic draught would make me  
whole.

Contemning its remedial properties—  
Refused the one true cure for my disease :  
Now would I drain it even to the lees.

---

## HOLY WEEK

---

Had'st Thou then granted my short-sighted  
prayer

My coward craving the sharp pain to spare,  
In what unmeasured good I had missed my  
share !

Thy will be done !

WILLIAM HALL, M.A.

THEN COMETH JESUS WITH THEM UNTO  
A PLACE CALLED GETHSEMANE

Into the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.  
But the olives they were not blind to Him,  
The little grey leaves were kind to Him,  
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,  
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content.  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with love and shame.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

When Death and Shame would woo Him last,  
From under the trees they drew Him last :  
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last  
When out of the woods He came.

*A Ballad of Trees and the Master.*

SIDNEY LANIER.

THEY COME UNTO A PLACE WHICH WAS  
NAMED GETHSEMANE

My heart is where Love's victim lies ;  
That spot above all earth I prize  
Where bleeding Love poured forth strong cries,  
In grief and agony.

Time was my heart within me sank  
At thought thereof, and backward shrank,  
With countenance pale, astonished, blank,  
Wan with despondency.

All else now from my memory fades,  
As I survey thy mournful shades,  
And thread thy olive-shrouded glades,  
Beloved Gethsemane !



---

## HOLY WEEK

---

Viewing those gouts of crimson gore,  
Earth's vain delights my soul forswore  
That charmed or dazzled heretofore  
And laid their spell on me.

The bitter herbs that grow in thee  
From sin's foul plague my Spirit free,  
And cure each mortal malady,  
Benign Gethsemane !

Soul-vigour I once more regain,  
When to its deepest dregs I drain  
Thy healing cup of wholesome pain,  
Tear-steeped Gethsemane !

Fulfilled e'en to the very brim,  
Blest chalice ! I thy praises hymn ;  
No choicer draught drink Seraphim,  
With blissful ecstasy.

Than that rich potion costlly, rare,  
Which with the Christ of God I share  
Prostrate upon the ground all bare,  
Bleak, lone Gethsemane !

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

In darkest hour of my despair,  
When overwhelmed with grief and care,  
To thee for refuge I repair,  
In thee take sanctuary.

Low-bowed my bleeding Lord beside,  
My shame and self-reproaches hide,  
And find the grave of worldly pride  
In thee, Gethsemane.

There learn to count earth's gain but loss,  
Her pleasures pain, her gold mere dross ;  
Henceforth, of thorn-wove crown, and cross,  
The humble votary.

Of earthly loves I 'scape the thrall,  
Of earthly hopes relinquish all,  
As on earth's altar-stairs I fall,  
Beloved Gethsemane !

*Gethsemane.*

WILLIAM HALL, M.A.

### LOOKING UNTO JESUS

Up Thy Hill of Sorrows  
Thou all alone,  
Jesus, man's Redeemer,  
Climbing to ■ Throne :







THE CRUCIFIXION

*From the Painting by*

A. U. SOORD.

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## HOLY WEEK

---

Thro' the world triumphant,  
Thro' the Church in pain,  
Which think to look upon Thee  
No more again.

Upon my hill of sorrows  
I, Lord, with Thee,  
Cheered, upheld, yea carried  
If a need should be.  
Cheered, upheld, yea carried,  
Never alone,  
Carried in Thy heart of hearts  
To a Throne.

*Good Friday.*

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THEY LED HIM AWAY TO CRUCIFY HIM

Friendless and faint, with martyred steps and  
slow,  
Faint for the flesh, but for the spirit free,  
Stung by the mob that came to see the show,  
The Master toiled along to Calvary ;

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

We gibed him, as he went, with houndish glee,  
Till his dim eyes for us did overflow ;  
We cursed his vengeless hands thrice wretchedly,  
And this was nineteen hundred years ago.

But after nineteen hundred years the shame  
Still clings, and we have not made good the  
loss

That outraged faith has entered in his name.  
Ah, when shall come love's courage to be  
strong !

Tell me, O Lord—tell me, O Lord, how long  
Are we to keep Christ writhing on the cross !

*Calvary.*

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

LORD, REMEMBER ME WHEN THOU COMEST  
INTO THY KINGDOM

If thou, like Zacheus, wouldst see  
Thy Lord and Master, climb the tree,  
And for His passing wait with me.

Here, nearer to its native skies,  
No intervening darkness lies  
Between the soul and Paradise.



---

## HOLY WEEK

---

Was ever mortal penance brief  
As mine? A moment of belief—  
Turnkey of Heaven, beware—a thief!

*The Good Thief.*

J. B. TABB.

VERILY I SAY UNTO THEE, TO-DAY SHALT  
THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE

They took him from his robber-cave  
To die on Calvary;  
The wise ones of the world were blind,  
But the Good Thief could see.

They set him by the Lamb of God;  
He felt an awe-struck fear;  
The great ones of the earth were deaf,  
But the Good Thief could hear.

Around him surged the crowd that mocked,  
On the hillside that day;  
The righteous men at best were dumb,  
But the Good Thief could pray.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

He went to take his due reward  
When his day's work was done ;  
The godly men had played and lost,  
But the Good Thief had won.

In my death's hour, when it may be,  
Bone Latro, pray for me.

*Bonus Latro.*

R. L. GALES.

### THEY PARTED MY GARMENTS AMONG THEM

Lord, they have moved Thine inner dress,  
And left Thee quivering  
More with Thine utter loneliness  
Than with the wind's sharp sting.

Not when men take from us our gold  
Do we so feel the smart,  
As when they take the friends we hold  
Close to our inner heart.

Not when mortality doth slip  
(Being too worn to mend)  
Have we such pain as when they strip  
The heart of one true friend.

---

## HOLY WEEK

---

In winter it is sad, yet fair,  
The leafless glade to see ;  
Sadder by far, its heart all bare,  
The lightning-stricken tree.

Not when they took Thy homespun gown  
Nor when they struck Thy Head  
Hadst Thou such grief as when Thine  
own,  
Leaving Thee captive, fled.

Jesu, though others go away,  
Suffer at least that we  
May through Thy Passion watch and pray  
In lone Gethsemane.

And if our heart of friends bereft.  
And men our raiment take,  
O grant that Thou at least be left,  
For Thy sweet mercy' sake.

*Inner Garments.*

ALOYSIUS V. PHILLIPS.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU  
FORSAKEN ME ?

Lonely He went, unfriended from His birth,  
Naked on Calvary as in Mary's womb ;  
Obscure His cradle, sealèd was His tomb.  
Him fortune shunned, and its companion, mirth,  
Ruthlessly mocked ; ever distress and dearth  
Pursued Him, till amid the thick'ning gloom  
On high He hung alone to meet His doom,  
Of Heav'n forsaken and despised of earth.

Oh, not more lonely is a leafless tree  
That bares its wilting flesh to Winter's cold  
Than was His heart in drear Gethsemane ;  
Or when upon the mountain He did pray  
After the tumult of a wondrous day,  
And men would crown Him with a crown of  
gold !

*The Loneliness of Christ.*

ALOYSIUS V. PHILLIPS.

---

## HOLY WEEK

---

IS ANY SORROW LIKE UNTO MY SORROW

*Take you this sword, soldier,  
Soldier, my son.  
When it has pierced you,  
Know you have won.*

We faithful women followed Christ  
With breaking hearts and fond eyes dim.  
His other friends, fear had enticed—  
They, at this hour, deserted Him.

I watched. I felt the hard nails driv'n,  
The dread cross raised, the cruel thud ;  
Waited to see all mankind shriv'n  
By that last streaming of His Blood.

I saw His dear Face in the dark ;  
His Voice of agony I heard.  
I saw Him hanging, dead and stark,  
Yet blamed you not, and said no word

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Soldier, be valiant, do your part ;  
Take you the weapon, win your bliss.  
This sword has pierced a woman's heart,  
A mother's. Son, remember this.

*Take you this sword gladly,  
Soldier, my son ;  
When it has pierced you,  
All has been won.*

*The Sword of Sorrow.*

ARMEL O'CONNOR.

### WHO LOVED ME, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME

I met a Man in Palestine  
One evening, on the plain,  
Where a great vineyard told of wine,  
And bread was in the grain.  
He bore a cross for bitter sign  
Of His and the world's pain.

The stars were out, but it was dim—  
A wind was blowing chill.  
And I grew sorrowful for Him,

---

## HOLY WEEK

---

So brave, Who was so ill.  
I spoke: "Your burden, Friend, is grim.  
I'll help You up the hill."

"A star for you—a cross for Me!  
Follow your star," He said.  
"This wood, a platter soon shall be,  
To bear the Living Bread.  
The Fruit is ripe, and you shall see  
Refreshed, the quick and dead."

Up rose the moon above the plain—  
Its light showed red and wild.  
But I had travelled through His pain,  
Was happy, and I smiled.  
In Bethlehem was back again . . .  
Adoring Mary's Child.

*L'homme, C'est L'enfant.*

ARMEL O'CONNOR.

### HE WAS WOUNDED FOR OUR TRANSGRESSIONS

In His Passion He was strong,  
Out of dear compassion, weak;  
Thus with no uncertain tongue  
Silent Love to us did speak.

---

*THE LIFE AND THE WAY*

---

He had mourned for Lazarus,  
For Himself He would not mourn ;  
He was weak to strengthen us ;  
In His travail we were born ;

He was stricken for our health,  
Watching, took our leprosy ;  
For our royal Commonwealth  
Bare with utmost tyranny ;

For our vantage He was kissed,  
For our gain was cheaply sold,  
Like a cunning alchemist,  
Turning basest dross to gold ;

He was stripped to clothe our shame ;  
Blood-drowned for our anchorage ;  
Infamous for our fair fame ;  
Outcast for our heritage ;

For our speech He spake no words ;  
For our pride became a dove ;  
He was bound with many cords,  
And the straitest cord was Love.









CHRIST AT THE COLUMN

*From the Painting by*

A. GARRATT.

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## HOLY WEEK

---

Man's acquittal was His guilt,  
He, disfranchised, made us free ;  
For our stain His blood was spilt ;  
For our fruit He clomb the Tree.

On the wood He lay awake,  
For our slumber He not slept ;  
Smoothed Pain's pallet for our sake ;  
Death's cold pillow warm He kept.

He was mindful of the thief,  
But the Heavenly Thief forgot ;  
We were gladdened by His grief,  
And we scored by His sad lot.

Love constrained Him to the Cross,  
He His strength for weakness gave ;  
He saved others at His loss,  
But Himself He could not save !

*Loss and Gain.*

ALOYSIUS V. PHILLIPS

---

*THE LIFE AND THE WAY*

---

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU, ALL YE THAT  
PASS BY ?

He is pleading by His sorrows,  
By the bitter pain He bore,  
For the comfort of your pity,—  
That your heart should love Him more.  
Can you think of Him heart-broken,  
With His gentle face so marred,  
And pass on as though 'twere nothing  
That the outstretched hands are scarred ?

He is pleading, by your burdens,  
By your weariness and smart,  
By life's wild unanswered questions,  
And your emptiness of heart.  
Will you keep your care, unheeding  
The calm voice that offers rest ?  
And your soul drift farther, farther  
From the shelter of that breast ?

He is pleading by the darkness  
Of the life without His light,  
By the ever-thickening shadows,  
And the coming on of night ;

---

## HOLY WEEK

---

Will you choose the deepening twilight,  
With its final chill and gloom,  
While sweet dawn breaks through the win-  
dows  
Of the brightening upper room ?

He is pleading, by the glory  
On the golden-pavèd street,  
And the never-broken union  
Where the souls made perfect meet ;  
Will you lose the pleasant pastures  
For the shore without a fold ?  
And the stillness of their waters  
For the torrent black and cold ?

He is pleading, ever pleading,  
Here below, as there above,  
By the Father's perfect pity,  
And the Spirit's tender love.  
He is pleading, *now* is pleading  
With the sheep that He hath found—  
Yield your heart, your life to Jesus,  
That His love may fold you round.

Rev. W. ST. HILL BOURNE.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

TRULY THOU ART THE SON OF GOD

I see Thy figure desolate,  
Discoloured, dreadful on the Cross,  
I weep and wonder at Thy fate—  
This conquest hid in utter loss.

I venerate Thee on that throne  
Spotless humanity has won :  
I know Thee, God, while yet I own  
What perfect Man for man has done.

My faith discovers Thee, my Lord,  
Whose thoughts are words, Whose words  
are deeds :  
My hope, uplifted and restored,  
Speeds to Thy feet, for mercy pleads.

But when as Love Thou com'st to me,  
I *will* what grateful love discerns.  
Time dives into eternity. . . .  
And love to Central Love returns.

*To Christ.*

ARMEL O'CONNOR.



---

## HOLY WEEK

---

THE WOMEN WHICH HAD COME WITH HIM  
OUT OF GALILEE, FOLLOWED AFTER

There was a trampling of horses from Calvary  
Where the armed Romans rode from the  
mountain side ;

Yet riding they dreamed of the soul that could  
ride free

Out of the bruised breast and the arms  
nailed wide.

There was a trampling of horses from Calvary,  
And the long spears glittered in the night ;  
Yet riding they dreamed of the will that dared  
to be,

When the head fell and the heavens were  
rent with light.

The eyes that closed over sleep like folded  
wings

And the sad mouth that kissed death with  
the cry

“ Father, forgive them,”—silently these things,  
They remembered, riding down from Calvary.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

And Joseph, when the sick body was lowered  
    slowly,  
    Folded it in a white cloth without seam,  
The indomitable brow, inflexible and holy,  
    And the sad breast that held the immortal  
    dream.

And the feet that could not walk, and the  
    pierced hand,  
    And the arms that held the whole world in  
    their embrace ;  
But Mary, beside the cross-tree could not  
    understand,  
    Looking upon the tired human face.

*The Mother.*

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK.

AND I, IF I BE LIFTED FROM THE EARTH,  
WILL DRAW ALL MEN UNTO ME

The eve of Golgotha had come,  
    And Christ lay shrouded in the garden  
    Tomb ;  
Among the olives, oh, how dumb,  
    How sad the sun incarnadined the gloom !







ST. JOHN LEADING THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY  
FROM THE TOMB.

*From the Painting by*

W. DYCE, R.A.

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## HOLY WEEK

---

The hill grew dim—the pleading cross  
Reached empty arms toward the closing gate.  
Jerusalem, oh, count thy loss!

Oh, hear ye! hear ye! ere it be too late!

Reached bleeding arms—but how in vain!

The murmurous multitude within the wall  
Already had forgot His pain—

To-morrow would forget the cross—and all!

They knew not Rome, before its sign,

Bending her brow bound with the nation's  
threne,

Would sweep all lands from Nile to Rhine

In servitude unto the Nazarene.

Nor knew that millions would forsake

Ancestral shrines great with the glow of  
time,

And lifting up its token shake

Æons with thrill of love or battle's crime.

With empty arms aloft it stood

Ah, Scribe and Pharisee, ye builded well!

The cross emblotted with His blood

Mounts, highest Hope of men, against earth's  
hell!

*The Empty Cross.*

CALE YOUNG RICE.

---

*THE LIFE AND THE WAY*

---

JOSEPH TOOK THE BODY, AND WRAPPED IT  
IN A CLEAN LINEN CLOTH, AND LAID  
IT IN HIS OWN NEW TOMB

Now lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.  
Stillness profound  
Steeps like ■ balm the wounded body wholly,  
More still than the hushed night brooding  
around.  
The moon is overhead,  
Sparkling and small, and somewhere ■ faint  
sound  
Of water dropping in a cistern slowly.  
Now lies the Lord in ■ most quiet bed.

Now rests the Lord in perfect loneliness.  
One little grated window has the tomb,  
A patch of gloom  
Impenetrable, where the moonbeams whiten  
And arabesque its wall  
With leafy shadows, light as a caress.  
The palms that brood above the garden brighten,  
But in that quiet room  
Darkness prevails, deep darkness fills it all.  
Now rests the Lord in perfect loneliness.



---

## HOLY WEEK

---

Now sleeps the Lord secure from human  
sorrow.

The sorrowing women sometimes fall asleep  
    Wrapped in their hair,  
Which while they slumber yet warm tears will  
    steep,  
Because their hearts mourn in them ceaselessly  
    Up-rising, half-aware,  
They myrrh and spices and rich balms, put by  
For their own burials, gather hastily,  
    Dreaming it is that morrow  
When they the precious body may prepare.  
Now sleeps the Lord secure from human sorrow.

Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by love's betrayal.  
    Peter sleeps not,  
He lies yet on his face and has not stirred  
Since the iron entered into his soul red-hot.  
The disciples trembling mourn their disillusion,  
    That He whose word  
Could raise the dead, on whom God had conferred  
Power, as they trusted, to redeem Israel,  
Had been that bitter day put to confusion,  
    Crucified and interred.  
Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by love's betrayal.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Now rests the Lord, crowned with ineffable  
peace.

Have they not peace to-night who feared Him,  
hated

And hounded to His doom,

The red thirst of their vengeance being sated ?

No, they still run about and bite the beard,

Confer, nor cease

To tease the contemptuous Pilate, are affeared

Still of him tortured, crushed, humiliated,

Cold in ■ blood-stained tomb.

Now rests the Lord, crowned with ineffable  
peace.

Now lies the Lord serene, august, apart,

That mortal life His mother gave Him ended.

No word, save one

Of Mary more, but gently as a cloud

On her perdurable silence has descended.

Hush ! In her heart

Which first felt the faint life stir in her Son,

Perchance is apprehended

Even now dimly new mystery, grief less loud

Clamours, the Resurrection has begun.

Now lies the Lord, serene, august, apart.

*The Tomb.*

MARGARET L. WOODS.

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*THE LIFE AND THE WAY*

---

V. CHRIST VICTORIOUS



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## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

THEN AS NOW

THEN !—Crowned with the thorn,  
He died  
The death of scorn—  
The Crucified !

NOW !—THINE IS THE KINGDOM,  
And THE POWER, and THE GLORY,  
FOR EVER and FOR EVER

AMEN.

JOHN OXENHAM.

EARLY ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK, HE  
APPEARED FIRST TO MARY MAGDALENE

At dusk of dawn the fragrant garden slept  
Full of ■ mystery the night had known,  
When Mary entered, trembling and alone,  
And as she tread the grassy way she wept ;  
But from the place of deepest shadow crept  
A light most radiant—there was no stone !  
And the cold rock in which He rested shone  
Where two archangels holy vigil kept.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Wondering she saw the flame-white seraphim  
At the dark entrance bidding her rejoice,  
Yet on the flowers her tears fell one by one ;  
Then turning comfortless in search of Him  
She heard the quiet music of a Voice,  
And Christ stood there against the rising  
sun.

*In The Garden.*

THOMAS S. JONES.

### WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD ?

An angel sits beside the tomb  
Of every slain and buried hope,  
Tho' dimly seen, as thro' the gloom  
Of breaking dawn we blindly grope.

“Nay, 'tis not here !” the angel cries—  
Gently but chidingly he speaks—  
To hearts bewildered with surmise ;  
Not here the bliss man fondly seeks.

Yet from the sepulchre, I wis,  
Of perished earthly joy  
Shall spring a purer, deeper bliss,  
Freed from corruption and alloy.

---

## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

That we acquire in lieu, is ne'er  
With that relinquished quite the same ;  
Richer it proves beyond compare ;  
Seeds become flowers, dead fuel—flame.

How should the fuel render forth  
Its sun-stored warmth, its genial glow,  
Till, on the sacrificial hearth,  
An offering it lieth low.

The seed—how should it germinate  
Till in the soil it hath been sown :  
Awaits it else the barren fate  
To abide unfruitful and alone.

A living faith doth exercise  
Like marvellous transmuting power ;  
Sublimed whereby our sorrows rise  
Replenished as with tenfold dower.

No longer o'er thy loss be grieved,  
The issue wait of each event ;  
For all of which thou'rt here bereaved  
Seek the divine equivalent.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Gaze not upon the empty tomb,  
Nor seek the living 'mongst the dead ;  
Accept the common mortal doom ;  
Thou'lt find that doom transfigurèd.

WILLIAM HALL, M.A.

### JESUS SAITH UNTO HER, MARY !

At dawn she sought the Saviour slain,  
To kiss the spot where He had lain  
And weep warm tears, like spring-time rain ;

When lo, there stood, unstained of death,  
A man that spoke with low sweet breath ;  
And " Master ! " Mary answereth.

From out the far and fragrant years  
How sweeter than the songs of seers  
That tender offering of tears !

*Mary Magdalen.*

RICHARD BURTON.









THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS

*From the Painting by*

REMBRANDT.

---

## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

SHE TURNED HERSELF AND SAITH UNTO  
HIM, "RABBONI"

"I bring Thee balm, and lo! Thou art not  
here!

Twice have I poured mine ointment on Thy  
brow;

And washed Thy feet with tears. Disdain'st  
Thou now

The spikenard and the myrrh?

"Has Death, alas, betrayed Thee with a kiss  
That seals Thee from the memory of mine?"

"Mary!" It is the self-same voice Divine,  
"Rabboni!"—only this.

*Rabboni.*

J. B. TABB.

TWO OF THEM WERE GOING THAT VERY  
DAY TO A VILLAGE NAMED EMMAUS

As they were hastening from Jerusalem

There came a Man whose footfall gave no  
sound

Nor left a trace upon the dusty ground,

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

And He made plain all mysteries to them :  
The prophet line that led to Bethlehem  
Aflame with vision, and the Love unbound  
In that still dawn when life immortal crowned  
The lonely death upon the dark Tree-stem.

The little town was reached at eventide,  
And as He sate and blessed the food, there  
seemed  
A light upon them, though the day was dead ;  
They saw then Who had journeyed by their side  
Only to lose Him—and each thought He  
dreamed :  
But on the table lay the broken bread.

*The Road to Emmaus.*

THOMAS S. JONES.

WHILE HE BLESSED THEM . . . HE WAS  
CARRIED UP INTO HEAVEN

Why is thy face so lit with smiles,  
Mother of Jesus ! why ?  
And wherefore is thy beaming look  
So fixed upon the sky ?

---

## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

From out thine overflowing eyes  
Bright lights of gladness part,  
As though some gushing fount of joy  
Had broken in thy heart.

Mother ! how canst thou smile to-day ?  
How can thine eyes be bright,  
When He, thy life, thy love, thine all,  
Hath vanished from thy sight ?

His rising form on Olivet  
A summer's shadow cast ;  
The branches of the hoary trees  
Drooped as the shadow passed.

And as He rose with all His train  
Of righteous souls around,  
His blessing fell into thine heart,  
Like dew upon the ground.

Down stooped a silver cloud from Heaven,  
The Eternal Spirit's car,  
And on the lessening vision went,  
Like some receding star.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

The silver cloud hath sailed away,  
The skies are blue and free ;  
The road that vision took is now  
Sunshine and vacancy.

The feet that thou hast kissed so oft,  
Those living feet, are gone ;  
Mother ! thou canst but stoop and kiss  
Their print upon the stone.

He loved the flesh thou gavest Him,  
Because it was from thee ;  
He loved it, for it gave Him power  
To bleed and die for me.

That flesh with its five witness wounds  
Unto His throne He bore  
For God to love, and spirits blest  
To worship evermore.

Yes ! He hath left thee, Mother dear !  
His throne is far above ;  
How canst thou be so full of joy,  
When thou hast lost thy love ?



---

## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

For surely earth's poor sunshine now  
To thee mere gloom appears,  
When He is gone who was its light  
For three and thirty years.

Why do not thy sweet hands detain  
His feet upon their way?  
Oh! why doth not the Mother speak  
And bid the Son to stay?

Ah! no thy love is rightful love,  
From all self-seeking free;  
The change that is such gain to Him  
Can be no loss to thee.

'Tis sweet to feel our Saviour's love,  
To feel His presence near;  
Yet loyal love His glory holds  
A thousand times more dear.

Who would have known the way to love  
Our Jesus as we ought,  
If thou in varied joy or woe  
Hadst not that lesson taught?

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Ah ! never is our love so pure  
As when refined by pain,  
Or when God's glory upon earth  
Finds in our loss its gain.

True love is worship : Mother dear !  
Oh ! gain for us the light  
To love, because the creatures' love  
Is the Creator's right.

*Ascension.*

FATHER FABER.

HE WAS RECEIVED UP INTO HEAVEN AND  
SAT AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD

When Christ went up to Heaven the Apostles  
stayed

Gazing at Heaven with souls and wills on fire,  
Their hearts on flight along the track He made,  
Winged with desire.

Their silence spake : " Lord, why not follow  
Thee ?

Home is not home without Thy Blessed Face,  
Life is not life. Remember, Lord, and see,  
Look back, embrace."

---

## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

Nevertheless a cloud cut off their gaze :

They tarry to build up Jerusalem,  
Watching for Him, while thro' the appointed days  
He watches them.

They do His Will, and doing it rejoice,

Patiently glad to spend and to be spent :  
Still He speaks to them, still they hear His  
Voice  
And are content.

For as a cloud received Him from their sight,

So with a cloud will He return ere long :  
Therefore they stand on guard by day, by  
night,  
Strenuous and strong.

They do, they dare, they beyond seven times  
seven

Forgive, they cry God's mighty word aloud :  
Yet sometimes haply lift tired eyes to Heaven—  
“ Is that His cloud ? ”

*Ascension Day.*

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

### I ASCEND UNTO MY FATHER AND YOUR FATHER

In the grey dawn they left Jerusalem,  
And I rose up to follow after them.  
He led toward Bethany by the narrow bridge  
Of Kedron, upward to the olive ridge.  
Once on the camel path beyond the City,  
He looked back, struck at heart with pain and  
pity—  
Looked backward from the two lone cedar trees  
On Olivet, alive to every breeze—  
Looked in a rush of sudden tears, and then  
Went steadily on, never to turn again.

Near the green quiet of a little wood  
The Master halted silently and stood.  
The figs were purpling, and a fledging dove  
Had fallen from a windy bough above,  
And lay there crying feebly by a thorn,  
Its little body bruised and forlorn.  
He stepped aside a moment from the rest  
And put it safely back into the nest.

---

## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

Then mighty words did seem to rise in Him  
And die away ; even as white vapours swim  
A moment on Mount Carmel's purple steep,  
And then are blown back rainless to the deep.  
And once He looked up with a little start :  
Perhaps some loved name passed across His  
heart,

Some memory of a road in Galilee,  
Or old familiar rock beside the Sea.

And suddenly there broke upon our sight  
A rush of angels terrible with light—  
The high same host the Shepherds saw go by,  
Breaking the starry night with lyric cry—  
A rush of angels, wistful and aware,  
That shook a thousand colours on the air—  
Colours that made a music to the eye—  
Glories of lilac, azure, gold, vermillion,  
Blown from the air-hung delicate pavilion.

And now His face grew bright with luminous  
will :

The great grave eyes planet-like and still.  
Yea, in that moment, all His face, fire-white,  
Seemed struck out of imperishable light.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Delicious apprehension shook His spirit,  
With song so still that only the heart could  
hear it.

A sense of something sacred, starry, vast,  
Greater than earth, across His spirit passed.

Then with ■ stretching of His hands to bless,  
A last unspeakable look that was caress,  
Up through the vortice of bright cherubim  
He rose until the august form grew dim—  
Up through the blue dome of the day ascended,  
By circling flights of seraphim befriended.  
He was uplifted from us, and was gone  
Into the darkness of another dawn.

*The Ascension.*

EDWIN MARKHAM.

### WHO IS GONE INTO HEAVEN

That He might better of Love's mystery tell  
Into a lonely mountain they withdrew,  
Day's golden fire cooled in deep wells of dew  
About His Head with softened splendour fell ;

---

## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

And in each heart that heard the last farewell  
A quickening joy and deepening sorrow grew,  
And all were hushed—even the doubtful knew  
His was the power of Heaven and of Hell.

When He had ceased, a mighty wind rushed by  
From far beyond the sunset's cloudless rim,  
And over them a glory seemed to bend ;  
Then like a star He rose into the sky,  
Sadly they watched the glowing light grow  
dim  
And heard the echoes ring, " Until the End."

*The Parting.*

THOMAS S. JONES.

I WILL PRAY THE FATHER AND HE SHALL  
GIVE YOU ANOTHER COMFORTER

Under our curtain of fire,  
Over the clotted clouds,  
We charged, to be withered, to reel  
And despairingly wheel  
When the bugles bade us retire.  
From the terrible odds.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

As we ebbed with the battle-tide,  
Fingers of red-hot steel  
Suddenly closed on my side.  
I fell, and began to pray.  
I crawled on my hands and lay  
Where a shallow crater yawned wide ;  
Then,—I swooned . . .

When I woke it was yet day.  
Fierce was the pain of my wound ;  
But I saw it was death to stir,  
For fifty paces away  
Their trenches were.  
In torture I prayed for the dark  
And the stealthy step of my friend  
Who, staunch to the very end,  
Would creep to the danger-zone  
And offer his life as a mark  
To save my own.

Night fell. I heard his tread,—  
Not stealthy, but firm and serene,  
As if my comrade's head  
Were lifted from that scene  
Of passion and pain and dread ;  
As if my comrade's heart



---

## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

In carnage took no part ;  
As if my comrade's feet  
Were set on some radiant street  
Such as no darkness could haunt ;  
As if my comrade's eyes  
No deluge of flame could surprise,  
No death and destruction daunt,  
No red-beaked bird dismay,  
Nor sight of decay.  
Then in the bursting shells' dim light,  
I saw he was clad in white,  
For a moment I thought that I saw the smock  
Of a shepherd in search of his flock.  
Alert were the enemy, too,  
And their bullets flew  
Straight at a mark no bullet could fail :  
For the seeker was tall and his robe was bright ;  
But he did not flee nor quail.  
Instead, with unhurrying stride,  
He came,  
And, gathering my tall frame,  
Like a child in his arms. . . .

Again I swooned ;  
And awoke  
From a blissful dream  
In a cave by a stream.

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

My silent comrade had bound my side.  
No pain now was mine, but I wish that I  
spoke,—  
A mastering wish to serve this man  
Who had ventured through hell my doom to  
revoke,  
As only the truest of comrades can.  
I begged him to tell me how best I might  
aid him,  
And urgently prayed him  
Never to leave me, whatever betide ;  
When I saw he was hurt—  
Shot through the hands that were clasped in  
prayer !  
Then as the dark drops gathered there  
And fell in the dirt,  
The wounds of my friend  
Seemed to me such as no man might bear.  
Those bullet-holes in the patient hands  
Seemed to transcend  
All horrors that ever these war-drenched lands  
Had known or would know till the mad world's  
end.  
Then suddenly I was aware  
That his feet had been wounded too.  
And, dimming the white of his side  
A dull stain grew.

---

## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

"You are hurt, White Comrade!" I cried.  
His words I already foreknew:  
"These are old wounds," said he,  
"But of late they have troubled me."

*The White Comrade.*

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, EVEN UNTO  
THE END OF THE WORLD!

Loud mockers in the roaring street  
Say Christ is crucified again:  
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,  
Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear, and to myself I smile,  
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone  
From off His unawaking sleep,  
In vain shall Mary watch alone,  
In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead  
My eyes are on His shining head.

---

THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Ah ! never more shall Mary hear  
That voice exceeding sweet and low  
Within the garden calling clear :  
Her Lord is gone and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet  
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,  
And Bartimeus still go blind ;  
The healing hem shall ne'er again  
Be touched by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,  
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart  
With gentle knocking shall He plead,  
No more the mystic pity start,  
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say,  
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

*The Second Crucifixion.*

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

---

## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

WE ARE COMPASSED ABOUT WITH SO  
GREAT A CLOUD OF WITNESSES

Ours is a dark Easter-tide and a scarlet Spring,  
But high up at Heaven's gate all the saints sing,  
Glad for the great companies returning to  
their King !

Oh, in youth the dawn's a rose, dusk an  
amethyst,  
All the roads from dusk to dawn, gay they  
wind and twist—  
The old road to Paradise, easy it is missed !

But out on the wet battlefields, few the  
roadways wind,  
One to grief, one to death ; no road that's  
kind—  
The old road to Paradise, plain it is to find !

(Martin in his colonel's cloak, Joan in her mail,  
David in his robe and crown—few there be  
that fail—  
Down the road to Paradise they stand to greet  
and hail !)

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Where the dark's a terror-thing, morn ■ hope  
doubt-tossed,  
Where the lads lie thinking long out in rain  
and frost,  
There they find their God again, long ago  
they lost !

Where the night comes cruelly, where the  
hurt men moan,  
Where the crushed forgotten ones whisper  
prayers alone,  
Christ along the battlefields comes to lead  
His own.

Souls that would have withered soon in the  
hot world's glare,  
Blown and gone like shrivelled things, dusty  
on the air,  
Rank on rank they follow Him, young and  
strong and fair !

Ours is a sad Easter-tide, and a woeful day,  
But high up at Heaven's gate the saints are  
all gay,  
For the old road to Paradise, that's a crowded  
way !

*The Old Road to Paradise.*

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

---

## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN IF HE  
GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD AND LOSE  
HIS OWN SOUL?

Christ stands at the bar of the world to-day,  
As He stood in the days of old.  
And still, as then, we do betray  
Our Lord for greed of gold.

When every deed and word and thought  
Should our fealty proclaim,  
Full oft we bring His name to nought  
And cover Him with shame.

Not alone did Judas his Master sell,  
Nor Peter his Lord deny,  
Each one who doth His love repel,  
Or at His guidance doth rebel,  
Doth the Lord Christ crucify.

Like the men of old, we vote His death,  
Lest His life should interfere  
With the things we have, or the things we  
crave,  
Or the things we hold more dear

---

## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

---

Christ stands at the bar of the world to-day,  
As He stood in the days of old.  
Let each man tax his soul and say,—  
“ Shall I again my Lord betray  
For my greed, or my goods, or my  
gold ? ”

*Christ at the Bar.*

JOHN OXENHAM.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY,  
TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER

Our God is an eternal Christ,  
Unchangeable, unchanged ;  
His love is still as warm and true  
As when life's common ways He ranged  
Beneath the Syrian blue.

Our God is an eternal Christ,  
And Christ is God's own Love ;  
He suffered death upon the Tree,  
Love's immortality to prove  
To every man and me.



THE SACRED HEART

*From the Painting by*

*Mme. ARENDRUP.*







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## CHRIST VICTORIOUS

---

Our God is an eternal Christ,  
All tender, wise, and true ;  
As once He was to those of old,  
So is He now to me and you  
Till all the tale is told.

As Christ was then, so God is now,  
The never-failing friend ;  
Put all your trust in Him, and He  
Will bear you safe till Time shall end  
In Love's eternity.

*The Never-failing Friend.*

JOHN OXENHAM.

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## THE LIFE AND THE WAY

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